

The Tech.

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THE TECH.

Published on alternate Thursdays, during the school year, by the students of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

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PLEASING contrast to the scarred and struggling players on the field at Saturday's game was presented by the fair enthusiasts who were present in unusual numbers. THE TECH does not need to say that they were not the least attractive features of a well-managed and well-contested game. Every wearer of the gray and cardinal could well do his duty under such encouragement, and feel it a pleasure to be hurled to the earth under a mountain of Dartmouth avoirdupois, only knowing that his friend of the eager face was there to say, "Well done," and "Bravely tackled." And when the game was done, to see the burly hero of the rush and the scrimmage fighting the battle over for the benefit of the dainty listener at his side, that were a

sight to make a man give up life's other joys and train for the eleven. It is these little amenities that make the game worth playing. Let Tech. men see to it that at the Stevens game there is no lack of bright eyes to see their team improve on last year's score.

TECHNOLOGY'S third game in the Eastern Intercollegiate League series takes place Saturday on the South end grounds with Stevens Institute as opponents. While we cannot feel over confident of success, the game is likely to be close, and will surely be interesting.

Our chances of winning are in direct proportion to the support the team receives, and therefore every one who can afford the time and money should be present. A better mannered or a better appearing audience than was present at the Dartmouth game has never graced a Tech. football field, and we hope to see it duplicated on Saturday. Instead of despairing at the past take hope for the future, and let the amount of your enthusiasm be demonstrated by the size of your flag. We would suggest that the short cheer be used rather than the long one, and that the leaders be more careful not to call for any cheering when the Tech. eleven lines up for a snap-back, for in the case of a spoken signal the play may not be understood by the rush-line.

The conduct of the Stevens audience at the Hoboken game last year displayed a depth of rowdiness unknown in Boston. Whether our visitors are gentlemen or not treat them as such, and in that way they may be taught to appreciate their own shortcomings. The first thing to do, however, is to buy a ticket to the game.

HERE is a plan on foot of establishing an Institute Lunch Room. For some time the Directors of the Co-operative Society have been discussing this matter, and at a recent meeting steps were taken that may lead to its establishment very soon. President Walker, who is always ready to meet more than half way any schemes of benefit to the students, has given the plan his hearty sanction. But before anything definite can be determined upon it is necessary to obtain an expression of opinion from the students themselves, in order to guarantee success; for the question of support must lie with them. Accordingly during the next few weeks a very complete canvas will be made in the Institute to this end, and all students will help the committee in this work by showing their interest in an affair of such importance. A great deal of credit is due the senior members of the Board, who have devoted much time and thought to the development of this plan, which must greatly convenience the majority of the students. Let the scheme receive the full co-operation it deserves.

ALTHOUGH subscription fiends are usually regarded as nuisances, they are certainly a necessary evil, and most men are glad to subscribe for a purpose in which they are interested. No one regrets the money he gives to the football team, for instance, or any other organization which has a claim to support from the Institute at large. The Glee Club has always commanded the services of THE TECH in interesting the students in its concerts, and there does not seem to be any reason for its depending this year on other than the customary means for its support. It is managed as a strictly private enterprise,—any money which may be made by the Club being divided among its members, and not, as at most colleges, given to some athletic organization. Last year for various reasons the Club ran in debt; this year there were two methods apparent by which this might be paid. One was

by economical management to save enough to discharge the debt,—the other, to attempt to pay it by subscriptions from the entire Institute. Now it would certainly seem that in asking subscriptions for this purpose the members are practically calling for contributions to their own pockets, as they will now be able to share the profits of this season's concerts, which otherwise must have been used to cancel their debt. If the Institute received any benefit from the profits, it should share in the losses; but there is no apparent reason why the members of the Glee Club should divide the profits of their concerts among themselves, and expect the losses to be borne by the whole Institute.

IT is with much satisfaction that we see the effects of the energetic work performed by the officers of the Tennis Association.

Knowing the difficulties attendant upon laying out and rolling the courts, and drumming up a membership, we cannot but congratulate the management upon their successful venture.

Although crippled by the absence of a double court, one of the most successful tournaments ever held by the Association was brought to a finish last week. The games were all well contested, and proved very interesting to the lookers-on. The winner is to be congratulated on his victory over such a field of entries.

The Association has now a large membership, and its condition financially is all that could be desired. Its success is all the more noteworthy from the fact that at the end of last term there was a strong probability of its being discontinued.

WHY should not Technology compete with other colleges in track athletics as she does in football, is a question which THE TECH has often asked. Last spring we made an attempt to interest the officers of the Athletic

Club in the subject, and induce them to send delegates to the convention of the New England Intercollegiate Athletic Association, with an application for admission from Technology. These functionaries however seemed to be better satisfied to assume the glory of their respective offices than to do any great amount of work in properly maintaining them, and they therefore demurred from taking any active interest in the matter.

This year the Club seems to be in more active hands, and as a first step in the right direction, why should not this subject be discussed, and some conclusion drawn? THE TECH does not doubt that there are many hindrances to the carrying out of this scheme, but has it not enough of merit to warrant its consideration?

FEW of the students seem to realize the existence of the Society of Arts, or to fully appreciate the advantages of being present at its meetings. On the evenings of the same Thursdays on which THE TECH is issued, the Society meets in Room 15 of the Rogers building, and has at every meeting one or more papers of scientific interest read. The lectures are always good, and always on some novel subject. New inventions are exhibited and described, or new processes explained. The papers are never very long, and are simple enough in their nature to be generally interesting as well as instructive. In fact, they are just the thing for a student of science. When subjects of particular interest to a certain branch of study are given, we believe the instructor in such branches generally gives his class notice of the event; but outside of this and the card posters on the Senior and Junior bulletin-boards, there is no notice given the students of the meetings. Notwithstanding this, we believe the Society are pleased to have any member of the Institute attend, and THE TECH wishes to call general attention to the fact, and hopes to see an increase in the student element of the audiences.

IN looking over the history of social affairs at the Institute, no record is found showing that a dramatic entertainment of any kind has ever been given by the students. This is certainly not due to a lack of qualifications among the students themselves, but more probably to the universal enemy of all of our outside happenings, namely,—lack of time.

Could not some of our more prominent social organizations take upon themselves the production of a farce, or a minstrel performance, or most any thing to add brilliancy to Tech. affairs, and enrich the Football Association or the gymnasium fund? THE TECH suggests that some of our embryonic Booths look up the possibilities of such an affair.

A Slight Mistake.

Dear Sal: I've bin three days in taown,—
This Boston's jest the slickest place,—
A' mostly trampin' up an' daown
With Cous'n John an' Deac'n Chase.

We heard abaout thet cattle show,—
Daown here they have 'em same as us,—
And kind o' thought we'd better go
And see what sort o' thing it wus.

We walked ourselves most off our feet
And never seen it, hide nur hair,
Till John he spied across th' street
A flag a-readin' "Bay State Fair."

Thar didn't seem tew be no gate,
And as the sign said nuthin' more,—
Besides, a-fearin' we wus late,—
We walked right up an' in th' door.

Inside, afore a wire cage,
Sum men an' boys they stood in line,
I s'posed their tickets tew engage,
So I stepped up tew order mine.

An' when et last my turn come, too,
Th' woman in th' cage, says she,
"Thar ain't no tickets here for yeou;
Yeou needn't try yeour jokes on me."

An' then I see the reason why
Thet flag aoutside the buildin' floats:
'Tis jest to get folks in tew buy
Umbrellers, books, and overcoats.

D. D. J.



THE north wind, driving the snow in icy whirls through the deserted streets of Brightondale, paused in its farewell to the town to buffet the old house of the Annerlings, which every storm found more nearly a ruin. Brightondale itself was going to decay. Some fifteen years before our story opens, Henry Annerling, who had not been seen in the village since he was a boy, returned to live there, and occupied the house he had inherited from his father.

There was a rumor, which, at some time in his life, every one in Brightondale believed, that underneath the unproductive fields, that grudged their cultivators a scanty living, were beds of coal, ready to yield an abundant return whenever some one should appear who would be courageous enough to undertake the difficulties of working them. It was a proof that Henry Annerling's friends were justified in calling him unpractical, that he accepted this village tradition as a fact. He employed experts to investigate and make reports. There was no doubt that there was coal, they said. That in sight was too hard and slaty for profitable mining; the lower seams were probably better, and but for the cost of reaching them would very likely repay working, but only trial would show whether the quality was such as to be worth bringing to the sur-

face. This trial Henry Annerling determined to make. He spoke to his friends, but they were shy of putting capital into an uncertain and costly enterprise; in fact, his old associates in business tried to persuade him to forego the plan. Their coolness, in place of discouraging, only served to fix him in his purpose, and single-handed he undertook the execution of his design.

For a time it seemed as if his perseverance would win success, and his returns, small as they were, urged him on to greater expense. But as the shaft went deeper the coal continued of the same poor quality, and it became evident that the work, if it went on, could go on only at a loss. Not until nearly all his fortune was involved, did Henry Annerling realize the total failure of the venture on which he had risked so much. Then gathering together the remnants of what he had possessed, he left his house in the charge of two old servants and sailed for Europe, where, with an ocean between him and the scene of his shattered fortunes, he hoped he might be free from all reminders of his failure.

After his departure, the brief prosperity that Brightondale had enjoyed deserted it. The business that had been attracted by his efforts fell away, and the village was abandoned, except by the few who, having found a home there for many years, were contented to remain, and, as it were, die slowly with the town itself.

One of them was John Elton, who, with his wife, had for ten years occupied the mansion that had been his master's, and who, on the night of which we speak, was sitting in the kitchen of the old house, close before the fire, listening to the storm, which, rattling the windows and roaring down the chimney, paused only to return again with greater violence. During one of these pauses in the fury of the elements a knock sounded upon the door. John and his wife started up and looked at one another, listening, and, as they hesitated, another knock came louder than before.

"A strange night for callers," grumbled the old man, as he went to open the door. He came back followed by a stooping figure, wrapped closely in a heavy cloak, who, walking to the fire, shook the snow from him and stamped his feet, still keeping the cloak about his face. At length John Elton, since the stranger did not speak, said in an inquiring tone, "It's a long mile from the station here, sir, in this gale."

The stranger did not reply, but threw aside his cloak, and stood before them, older and grayer than when he left his home, and with heavier lines upon his brow than time alone had put there.

The two spectators were for some time too astonished to speak; finally the woman said, "Is it you, Mr. Annerling, come back again?"

"Yes," said he; "and this time come back to stay;" then with a determined look he cried, "John, I must have your lantern."

"Not to-night, sir," said the old man, "you are not going out in this storm."

"Yes, to-night, and now; I have business—business that must not be delayed;" and as he spoke his eyes grew brighter, and he walked to and fro with a nervous tread.

"But, sir, the storm," expostulated Mrs. Elton; "cannot the business wait till morning?"

"Wait!" he exclaimed; "have I come here to wait? It cannot wait; it must be done at once."

"If you must go out, sir, let me go with you," said his servant.

"No, no!" he cried, each moment more impatient; "it must be done by me alone. Come, the lantern; we are wasting time," and he fastened his cloak about him.

The old man brought the lantern; and as he put it into his master's hand, he asked, "When shall you come back, sir?"

"Come back?" was the reply. "Yes, yes; if I do not come back in an hour, John, you may come after me to the mine; but you are not to follow me, understand."

"All right, sir; but be careful."

"Careful!" he answered; "I have been over the path a thousand times."

"Yes," muttered John Elton to himself, "so you have; but that was long ago." "I'm sorry we let him go," he said to his wife, "but he knows his own affairs best."

As time passed on, and the wanderer did not return, the couple at the old house grew alarmed. "John," said his wife, "you had better go after him; I'm afraid something has happened."

So John Elton started out. The storm had abated, and the close-packed snow crackled under his feet. He stopped on his way to arouse two or three of his neighbors, and together they proceeded toward the abandoned mine. The drifting snow had covered all tracks, and they found no trace of the object of their search,—not until morning, when, seeing that the ladder which had been fastened at the mouth of the shaft was gone from its place, they lowered a man on a rope, and waited anxiously for the signal to hoist. Carefully they raised their double burden, and laid the still form down by the pit-mouth, into which Henry Annerling had thrown his life, as ten years before he had thrown his fortune.

Applied Mechanics.

Watching the dance they were sitting together.

He a professor, and she fifty-two,

Sleepily waiting the end of the German,

Which, they were thinking, would never be through.

"I never see any pleasure in waltzing:

Look at that couple there turn 'round and 'round!

How can they keep up that whirling forever?

Really, I don't think their minds can be sound."

"You must not upbraid them for turning," he said;

"They really enjoy the sensation—

And the only effect that a couple can have.

Is just to produce a rotation."

After the publication of the Thanksgiving number, there will be elected one or more editors to THE TECH staff from the students handing in contributions.

Tech., 10; Amherst, 9.



WE WON! It was Saturday, October 26th, at half past four o'clock, on Blake field, Amherst, Mass. The score was 6-4 in Tech.'s favor, with thirty seconds yet to play. The Amherst full-back took the ball, and four hundred anxious spectators held

their breaths as he lifted it cleanly between the posts. "Goal," cried the referee; and at the word the mob of delighted Amherst men were on the field, cheering, hooting, shouting themselves hoarse, tossing up hats and canes, slapping each other's backs, yelling congratulations,—gone crazy over Tech.'s defeat.

Of a sudden they saw something going on at the centre of the field; Germer had the ball, and the Tech. team, the referee, and two or three Amherst players were following him toward the lower goal. He did not stop until he crossed the line, and the referee called "Touchdown," and then "Time," in the same breath almost. The crowd, their mouths all open for another yell, looked at each other, and the yell was dead. No need for Tech. to kick the goal; the game was theirs, 10 points to Amherst's 9. In spite of rage and protest, it was a victorious team that took the train for Boston that night, with the first game in the intercollegiate series to their credit.

The game was closely contested to the finish. Hard blocking and good tackling by the Tech. rush-line held their opponents down to one touchdown. Slowness in lining up was a fault in both teams. The absence of Noblit at quarter-back told on Tech.'s play, Weis' passing being unsteady at times, though otherwise he did well in the position. The work of Beattie, Potter, and Vorce was particularly good. Germer resumed his position after two weeks' illness, and his plucky rush-

ing and tackling did much to win the game. The last touchdown was earned by his quickness in availing himself of the only possible way of winning the game in the few seconds that remained. For Amherst, Houghton did some remarkably fine kicking, and Smith, Jackson, Raley and Crocker played a strong game.

Time was called at 2.42; Amherst took the ball, and by hard rushing had it down near Tech.'s goal at the end of five minutes, where they lost it on four downs, owing to the hard blocking of Tech.'s line. Germer made a gain of 30 yards, and good rushes by Slade, Waite, and Beattie carried the ball past the center of the field. Here Tech. kicked, and Amherst returned, Slade making a fair catch, and the ball was well in Amherst territory when Tech. lost it by fumbling, and the Amherst backs carried it to Tech's 40-yard line, where it was lost on four downs; repeated rushes by Germer gained 25 yards, but the ball went to Amherst on a fumble. Germer made a fair catch from Houghton's kick, and the ball started up the field seemingly for a touchdown. Loose playing, however, enabled Amherst's rushers to get through, and Tech. was forced to take the ball back thirty yards. Weis made a long pass to Slade; but Crocker got through on the ball and made a touchdown. The try at goal failed. Tech. played with more snap for the rest of the half, and Waite, Slade, and Potter had rushed the ball within forty yards of Amherst's goal line, when time was called. Score, Tech. 0; Amherst, 4.

At the beginning of the second half Germer started the ball, but was tackled foul, and Tech. was allowed twenty-five yards. After rushes by Germer, Slade, and Waite, Beattie got through the Amherst line and made the first touchdown for Tech. Slade kicked the goal. Soon after putting the ball in play from centre Tech. lost twenty-five yards on a foul tackle. Daniels made a long run, but was beautifully stopped by Potter, and Tech. secured the ball. Rushes by Beattie, Waite,

and Germer carried it to the centre of the field, where it was lost to Amherst. Houghton kicked, and Waite made a fair catch, Tech.'s backs gaining considerable ground. The ball then went to Amherst on a fumble, but Tech. soon regained it on four downs.

At this point both sides resorted to kicking without any great gain for either. Harvey and Lewis collided near the centre of the field, and both men were laid off, the latter with a severe cut on the forehead. Time was nearly up when Amherst pushed Tech. hard, and Houghton kicked a goal from the field. By quick work Germer put the ball in play from centre, and carried it over the line for a touchdown, the end of the half being called immediately afterward.

The try at goal failed. Score Tech. 10, Amherst, 9.

The players positions were as follows: Tech.—rushers, Potter, Yeorg, Harvey, Hammond, Highlands, Beattie, Vorce; quarter-back, Weis; half-backs, Germer, Waite; full-back, Slade.

Amherst—rushers, Raley, Allen, Jacobs, Lewis, Morse, Crocker, Smith; quarter-back, Holden; half-backs, Jackson, Daniels; full-back, Houghton.

Referee—Mr. Kelley, Harvard Medical.

Dartmouth, 42; Tech, 6.

THEIR extra weight and Tech.'s crippled condition in the second half, enabled the Hanover men to run their score into the forties in Saturday's game. Tech.'s play was plucky throughout, and at times brilliant, but they could not hold their ground against the onslaughts of Dartmouth's heavy-weights. Dartmouth played a rushing game, forcing their backs through the centre with the aid of the line, and pushing the ball rapidly down the field. Tech. showed up well in running and tackling, but was weak in kicking, and suffered from want of coaching on the field. Five of the Tech. players were disabled dur-

ing the game, and one Dartmouth man was disqualified. There was a large attendance of Tech. men, and the management deserves credit for the excellent order preserved on the grounds.

Dartmouth took the ball and began play at 3.08, the rush-line forming a wedge, and gaining ten yards. Rushes by Folsom, Humphreys, and Little gained five yards at a time, and Humphreys made the first touchdown from the 25-yard line at the end of three minutes, Odlin kicking the goal. Germer took the ball at the centre and made a long run to the side; it was brought in fifteen yards, and passed to Slade, who kicked. Odlin got the ball, but was tackled by Kales, making thirty yards for Tech. The rush-line held Dartmouth well, and Tech. got the ball on four downs. Germer made a short rush, and Slade kicked; Dartmouth was unable to keep the ball, which went to Tech. on four downs near Dartmouth's 40-yard line. Slade kicked again, and rushes by Weeks and Odlin's punt brought the ball within thirty-five yards of Tech.'s line, where Odlin tried for goal and failed. Tech. got the ball, and good rushes by Kales, Germer, Waite, and Slade carried it to within fifteen yards of Dartmouth's line: Tech. lost its chance to score by a fumble. Humphreys took the ball, and by a couple of pretty rushes got within ten yards of Tech.'s goal, and Segur made the second touchdown, from which Odlin kicked the goal.

Tech. had made fifteen yards from the centre, when they lost the ball on four downs. Rushes by Weeks and Humphreys advanced it to Tech.'s 25-yard line. Norton of Dartmouth was disqualified, and replaced by Allen. Dartmouth attempted to force a touchdown, but lost the ball in the scrimmage. Slade secured it, and made the longest rush of the game, scoring a touchdown for Tech., from which he kicked the goal.

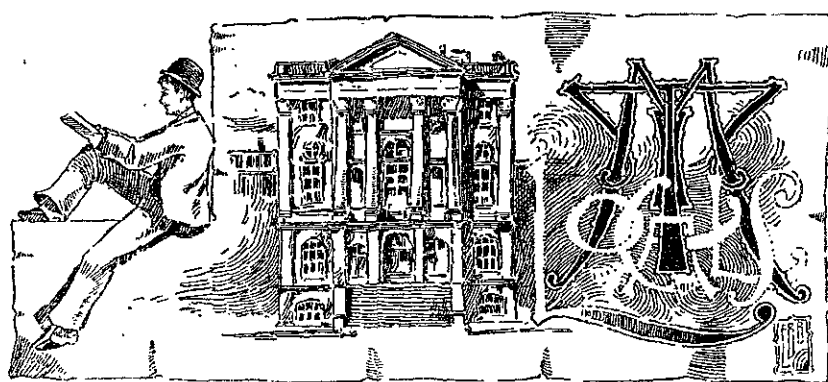
Dartmouth put the ball in play from the centre, and gained thirty-five yards before they lost it for holding. Kales made a beauti-

ful rush, dodging the Dartmouth backs, and crossing the line; but the touchdown was disallowed on account of off side play, and the ball went to Dartmouth at the centre of the field. Germer was disabled just at the end of the half, and time was called with the ball in Tech.'s territory. Score, Dartmouth, 12; Tech., 6.

In the second half several Tech. players were disabled, and Dartmouth had things more her own way. Weis played half-back in place of Germer, and Batchelder played left tackle. The ball went to Dartmouth on four downs soon after it was put in play, and Weeks made a touchdown at the end of six minutes. The try at goal failed. Fumbling by Tech. enabled Dartmouth to down the ball near the goal. Hammond took Beattie's place as right tackle. Dartmouth forced a safety which was made by Hammond; Potter was put on the left end, in place of Kales; Waite made several good rushes, but Dartmouth got the ball at the 25-yard line, and Humphreys made a long run and a touchdown; Odlin kicked the goal. Another touchdown by Weeks was not allowed, by reason of interference. By short and hard rushes Dartmouth made a steady gain, and Weeks scored the fifth touchdown, Odlin kicking the goal. Tech. made a slight gain in putting the ball in play, but by the same tactics as before Humphreys made a touchdown from the 40-yard line, and Odlin kicked the goal. The last touch-down for Dartmouth was made by Humphreys and the goal by Odlin. Score, Dartmouth, 42; Tech., 0.

The players' positions were as follows: Tech.—rushers, Vorce, Beattie, Nilson, Rice, Harvey, Weis, Kales; quarter-back, Noblit; half-backs, Germer (Capt.), Waite; full-back, Slade. Dartmouth—Norton, Folsom, Abbott, Fassett, Little, Segur, Smith; quarter-back, Lakeman; half-backs, Humphreys, Weeks; full-back, Odlin (Capt.)

Referee, Kelley, Harvard Medical; umpire, Morgan, Trinity.



Mr. C. N. Borden, '89, will spend the winter in Europe.

The New-er Building is nearly ready for occupancy.

The Freshmen are having their first taste of "those little exams."

The latest addition to the corps of assistants is on duty at the Cage.

A. Godchaux, '92, is in business with his father, in New Orleans.

The K₂S held a regular meeting at Young's Hotel, Friday, October 18th.

The football bulletin board is a new feature in Rogers corridor.

Thanksgiving number of THE TECH next issue. Now is the time to subscribe.

Every one wants to see the Sophomore-Freshman football game on November 16th.

George F. Eldredge, '90, is an instructor in mathematics in the Hyde Park High School.

Mr. Hollis French, '89, is interested in the Massachusetts Electrical Engineering Company.

Mr. L. M. Hills, of last year's TECH Board, drove a coaching party to the Amherst game.

The Glee Club will sing on Saturday, December 7th, at the Maritime Exhibition in Mechanics Building.

The amount of carpenter work will be less this year than formerly, and more time will be given to pattern work.

The '91 Mechanicals were defeated by the E. H. S. eleven, Thursday, October 31st. Score, 6-0, one half.

Secretary Tyler has assumed the duties of his position. Honors under the new administration will be as frequent as formerly.

A very interesting lecture on the action of white blood corpuscles was given before the Biological Club, October 24th, by Mr. E. O. Jordan, '88.

Secretaries of local organizations should not lose time in handing lists of their members to Mr. W. C. Dart, '91, for publication in "Technique."

The designs for the outside cover and title-page of "Technique" have been selected, Mr. E. B. Bird, artistic editor of THE TECH, receiving the award for both.

Professor Swain gave a very interesting description of an apparatus for testing the strain on iron girders, at the last meeting of the Civil Engineering Society.

Among the new members of the Glee Club this season are Mr. Starkweather, '93, first tenor; Mr. Dutton, first bass; and Mr. Leeming, whistler. Mr. Whitman will continue as yodler.

Mr. Francis Goodhue, '91, end rush on the eleven of '88, was in town the other day. He had just returned from a prolonged trip in Europe, and is at present in business in Cambridge, Mass.

An excursion to the slate quarry at Somerville on Wednesday, October 30th, was made by the third year class in Geology, under the direction of Professor Crosby.

At the last regular meeting of the Hammer and Tongs Club, held at the Boston Tavern, Saturday, October 19th, Mr. J. L. Batchelder, Jr., '90, was elected Vice-President, and Mr. Howe admitted to membership.

At the Amherst game an Amherst man was heard to observe before the game that if "Tech." won the day they would do it by some trick. After the game the same man was heard to groan, "They did the trick."

Outing for November contains a very important article on "The Development of Football." This paper has been carefully prepared by a prominent player, and contains all the latest information on the subject. In the same number Walter Camp discusses the question of professional umpires.

At the meeting of the Board of Directors of the Co-operative Society, October 23d, the resignation of Mr. W. H. Merrill, Jr., who has been for some time the Secretary of the Society, was accepted, and Mr. Frederick H. Meserve, '92, was elected to the position. Attention is called to the notice in another column of the proposed Institute Lunch Room which the Directors of the Co-operative Society are endeavoring to establish.

During the past summer the biological laboratory has undergone several changes, the most important of which is the construction of a new bacterial culture room for the work of the State Board of Health. Mr. J. L. Deming, a graduate of the University of Cincinnati, has been appointed assistant in the State work in place of Mr. Hollis, '89, who has resumed his studies at the Institute.

The tournament of the Tennis Association was played unusually slowly. The singles were completed October 23d, Keyes, '92, defeating Ferriday, '92, in the best contested game of the series. Keyes depended largely on his ability to outpace his opponent, while Ferriday's swift serve was very effective. Forbes, Capron, and Bradley did good work. Keyes received a very handsome silver cup as the championship trophy.

The complete scores of the tournament are as follows:—

PRELIMINARY ROUND.

Forbes beat Sanderson, 6-3, 6-2; Mansfield beat Duncan, 6-1, 6-4; Ensworth beat Barton, 6-0, 6-0; Moore beat Davis, 6-2, 6-3.

FIRST ROUND.

Ferriday beat Ames, 5-6, 6-2, 6-4; Kunhardt beat Dunham, 6-0, 6-2; Cater beat Peter, 6-8, 6-1, 6-3; Bradley beat Moore, 6-4, 6-3; Peck beat Speer, 6-4, 6-4; Capron beat Walker, 2-6, 6-4, 6-0; Keyes beat Ensworth, 6-4, 6-4; Forbes beat Mansfield, 6-0, 6-1.

SECOND ROUND.

Ferriday beat Kunhardt, 6-4, 8-6; Bradley beat Cater, 4-6, 10-8, 6-1; Capron beat Peck, 6-0, 7-5; Keyes beat Forbes, 6-4, 4-6, 6-2.

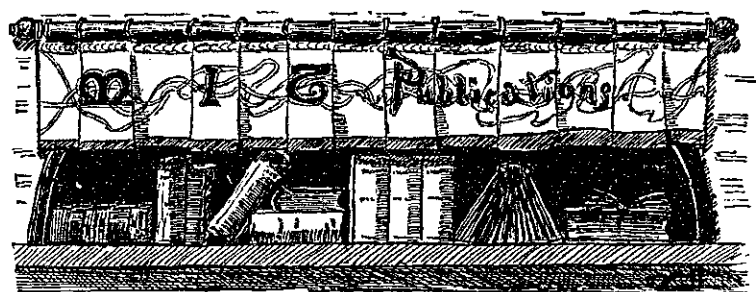
THIRD ROUND.

Ferriday beat Bradley, 6-2, 6-4; Keyes beat Capron, 6-2, 6-4.

FINAL ROUND.

Keyes beat Ferriday, 6-2, 6-2, 6-3.

Saturday's foot ball scores:—Harvard, 35; University of Penn., 0. Andover, 34; Harvard, '93, 0. Dorchester, 20; Newton, 0. B. A. A., 16; Brown, 9. Lehigh, 51; Columbia, 6. Princeton, 93; Wesleyan, 0.



Continued.

— Nephrite and Jadeite. *Proc. Am. Antiq. Soc.*, April, 1889; also pph., 8vo, pp. 9.

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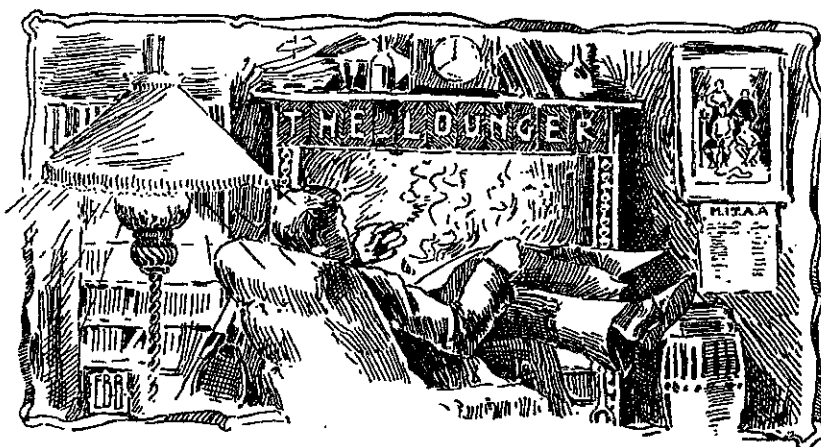
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THE Lounger dropped into the Brunswick barber shop last week, after going round by the way of St. James Avenue, to elude Sig. Gregori, who has been looking for him with a railroad tie since the appearance of the last TECH. There were two customers in the place: one the pool-table attendant, who was getting his bald spot rubbed with some shampoo elixir, and the other a modest appearing young man, who was quietly perusing the last number of the *Technology Quarterly* and awaiting his turn to be slaughtered. The Lounger picked up a copy of the *Harvard Lampoon*, and busied himself admiring its meat-axe cuts from a seat in the corner, at the same time wondering how long it would be before he could obtain professional advice regarding the prospects of his mustache.

Finally the bald spot was sufficiently polished, and our acquaintance of the ivory balls arose from the chair. Monsieur Cauto made the novel remark of "Next," and the Lounger looked over the top of his paper to see whether the other fellow would be likely to get a hair-cut or a shave.

The pool fellow stopped to get ten cents that the Lounger owed him on a last year's game, and Cauto sang out "Next" again. The other fellow never moved. "Next gentleman," says Monsieur, and the Lounger walked toward the chair; but Cauto motioned him aside, and touched the *Quarterly* man on the arm. The student's deep blue eyes were fixed intently on page 4-11-44, and came to a focus on $\int_{11}^{13} p. d. q.^{\frac{17}{3}}$. His fair blonde hair grew in intermingled chaos down around his celluloid collar, and the Lounger saw the probabilities were undoubtedly in favor of a hair-cut. With a sigh of resignation your humble liar returned to his *Lampoon*, and Cauto let off a regular Indian war-hoop of a "Your turn, sir!" But the youth's eyes still pored in glassy calmness over a whole forest

of integration signs, and he remained calm and fixed as a Faculty vote.

The barber shook him roughly by the shoulder and the book fell from his closed hands, breaking off a corner of the marble table in its downward flight, while his staring eyes remained fixed on the spot where the fatal page had been. Cauto grew ghastly pale, and the Lounger rushed for the bay-rum bottle. All was useless. The boy was dead. Coroner's verdict, "Cerebral paralysis."

Richard Mansfield played King Richard III. at the Globe last week, and eight or eleven Tech. men were present at each performance. The play was indeed worth witnessing, but the Lounger only had a quarter, and had to have his seat way up in the top story, where the big chandelier blinds your eyes between the acts so you can't see the show until four minutes after the curtain is up on the next scene.

However, you can get a general idea of what is taking place, and Dick III. had a voice that could be easily heard in a Freshman class meeting. Next the Lounger was a small Lord Fauntleroy newsboy and a red-headed bootblack. What these fellows didn't know about Shakespeare was not worth learning, and their conversation formed a continual aid to the Lounger in his study of the play and Mr. Mansfield's acting.

"Wher-re shall they hold their cour-rt," said the tragedian—"the Tower? Eye,—the Tower!"

"Does de feller mean Sullivan's tower?" said Lord Fauntleroy.

"Naw, yer fool," sneered he of the auburn locks, "de Lunden Tower; haint yer got no peepers!"

There was a capital bit of acting just before the battle scene, where the Duke of Buckingham enters in regulation historical nickel-plated armor, but only the costume affected the two spectators.

"Chimmy, lookit de blokey wid de tin arm!" said the embryonic alderman next the Lounger.

"Phwiskurs on his dicer," returned his companion. And so it went through the entire play, the climax being reached at the scene disclosing the two elaborately gotten up princes in the tower. For these youthful heroes the two listeners had the most profound contempt. "Why don't de young feller give de big pud dere a swat in de neck?" said Chimmy. To this forcible, if not elegant, way of getting out of the difficulty of being smothered

to death, the newsboy could make no reply, and he contented himself with the explanation that the poor little princes were "dude blokies," and deserved punishment for their faint-heartedness. The ghost scene frightened them both into silence, and the Lounger witnessed the remainder of the play with no interruption. Which portion he really enjoyed the better, is still an unsettled question.

College Notes.

Students who use tobacco in any form are denied admission to the University of the Pacific, at San José, Cal.

The Harvard Glee Club will give three prizes, twenty-five, fifteen, and ten dollars, for the three best compositions, either glee or college songs.

This year was the first time Yale has won the championship in singles in the Intercollegiate Lawn Tennis Tournament since Knapp won it in 1885.

Eleven points have been scored against Yale so far this season—six by Cornell and five by Wesleyan; four have been scored against Harvard by Stevens Institute, and four against Princeton by Lehigh.

E. A. Poe, Jr., of Baltimore, has been elected captain of the Princeton eleven. His position is quarter-back. He has never played in a championship game, and has not been on the eleven before this year. He was one of the best players on the lacrosse team, however.

Four football games will probably be played in New York on Thanksgiving: Yale *vs.* Princeton; Dartmouth *vs.* Stevens; Cornell *vs.* Columbia; and Wesleyan *vs.* University of Pennsylvania.

The faculty of Dartmouth have suffered so many insults from "grinds" in the *Ægis*, the annual published by Juniors, that this year they have assumed a censorship of the publication. One editor has already been removed, and it is expected that the book will be inoffensive and tame when it appears.

Col. John M. Wilson has been recently appointed Superintendent of the West Point Military Academy.

The annual rush at Yale was won by the Freshmen.

The death of Elias Loomis, LL.D., Professor of Natural Philosophy and Astronomy at Yale, occurred August 15th, at New Haven, Conn. He was seventy-eight years old. He bequeaths the bulk of his estate, valued at \$260,000, to Yale University. This is the second largest gift ever made to Yale.

At the Warren Club (Wilmington, Del.) fall sports, W. L. Condon, present holder of the world's record for throwing the sixteen-pound hammer with four-foot handle, beat his former record by a throw of one hundred and fifty feet five and one-fourth inches.

By the will of the late Pres. F. A. P. Barnard, of Columbia, his whole estate, valued at \$80,000, is bequeathed to the college on the death of his wife.

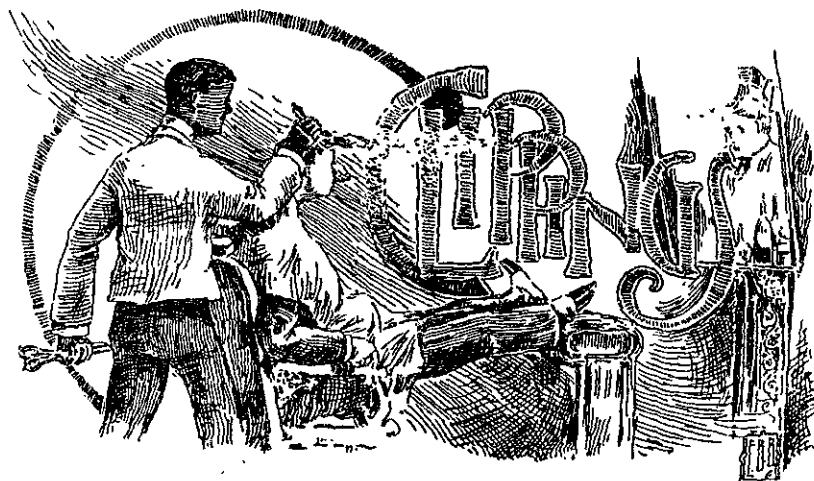
The higher institutions of learning in Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Switzerland, as also Italy, have become co-educational.

At Ohio Wesleyan University the Faculty are obliged to excuse 100 students from chapel exercises to make room for the remainder.

During the last week it has been announced that Frederick Pratt, '87, of Brooklyn, has presented Amherst with a new athletic field of twenty acres, which is to contain a baseball and football field, with a large grand stand, a quarter-mile track and a 300 yards straight away, besides a number of tennis courts. Mr. Pratt has also presented the college with a number of dies from which the medals are to be stamped.

Through the efforts of Prof. J. E. Denton, Stevens Institute is to have a new foundry and machine shop.

No class will be graduated from the Columbia Law school this year, as the term of study has been lengthened.



James (piously): "What is the gate to heaven?"

James' Father: "Well, it's not the gait you've been going at recently.

Press me closer, all mine own;
 Warms my heart for thee alone.
 Every sense responsive thrills,
 Each caress my being fills;
 Rest and peace in vain I crave,
 In ecstasy I live thy slave.
 Dowered with hope, with promise blest,
 Thou dost reign upon my breast:
 Closer still, for I am thine,
 Burns my heart, for thou art mine;
 Thou the message, I the wire,
 I the furnace, thou the fire;
 I the servant, thou the master—
 Roaring, red-hot mustard plaster!

Tourist: "An' now me letter of credit is cawshed, can you direct me to some spot in this blawsted country that will equal Pipe-weed-under-Tay-copse-Herfordshire-heath, North Staffordshire, England, for a flip at a salmon?"

Banker: "I seldom fish myself, but I understand that Mud-creek-over-against-Bill-Simmonse's-mill-pond, Knox County, over-the-left-and-under-suspicion-Maine, United States of America-four-hands'-round, is a fair sporting ground."

Purple and gold, fit raiment for a king!

Soft purple where the heather scents the air,
 Deep gold where yellow furze now doth his share
 To spread the royal robes which earth doth fling
 With lavish hands, flow'r filled, o'er everything,
 Till e'en the very hilltops, sternly bare,
 Seem regal thrones. Oh, sweet, how sweet, how fair,
 Are now the hollows, where small birds low sing
 Their evening songs! But note! along the hills
 Mauve mists drift past over a golden sky,
 And, sudden, golden wine each hollow fills;
 Across the saffron eve gray seabirds fly,
 Bathed in the glow that glowing sunset spills
 Forth from her sapphire beaker held on high.

"What do you think of champagne at \$4 a bottle, Downes?" inquired Mr. Madison Squeer.

"I don't think of champagne at \$4 a bottle," replied Mr. Upson Downes, sadly; "I think of beer."